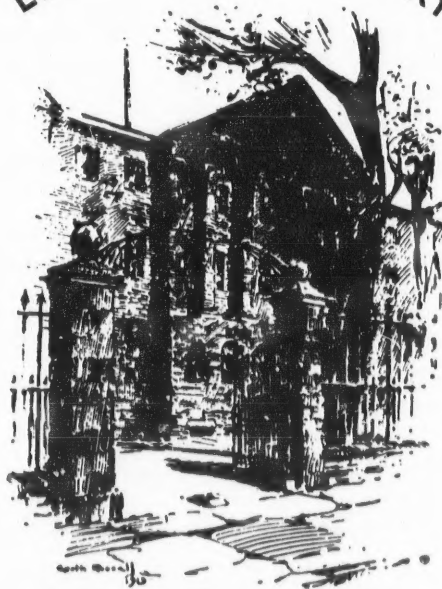


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Am. C. P. M.

INDIA:

ITS PAST HISTORY, PRESENT POSITION,
AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Halifax Young Men's Christian Association,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, JAN'Y., 19, 1858.

BY

REV. C. CHURCHILL, A. M.

HALIFAX:

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INDIA, Etc.

A Lecture.

THE bare mention of the East, as a theme for study, is redolent of all that is attractive in the minstrelsy of the poet, or the narrative of the historian. It is indeed a very firmament of thought, full of points of brilliancy ; some of larger and more lustrous form than others, but with scarcely any repose for the mind from the very multitude of bright objects before us. The moment thought passes through and between the famed Pillars of Hercules and enters the Mediterranean on its journey eastward, what forms of beauty flit before the mind,—the Alhambra of Granada—the Picture Galleries of Florence—the seat of arts in Ancient Rome—the cradle of Napoleon in Corsica—the lately developed warlike prowess of a new ally in Sardinia—the scenes of Christianity's early trials and conquests on the opposite coasts of Africa—the mythology of Egypt—the glorious views of earth and sea and sky in the Ionian Archipelago

——“The Isles of Greece

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,”

the Isthmus, where Art, Science, Learning, Superstition, Idolatry, Apostolic effort and Gospel triumphs all combine to form a tableau unsurpassed in space so limited yet with renown so wide, until, at the ultima thulè of this midsea, the sunlit coasts of Judea, with their characteristic panoramic beauties arrest the eye, where, in its mountains and its valleys—on the bosom of its lakes, and on their shores—in the city or in the

desert—He, who lived and spake, and wrought and taught, and suffered and died for man's salvation, has made the whole not merely classic but sacred ground.

Here is a climacteric of the grand and sublime—a very pinnacle for thought to fold its wings and rest, while the eye gazes over the wide circumference thus spread before it on every side. But while the Mediterranean has its limits here, the East is not limited to this field. If the mention of the East vibrates through the heart like strains of distant and concealed harmony, India is like a clarion's call to arouse our souls; and at the present time the announcement of the name only, awakes associations in connexion with it of deeper pathos and more thrilling interest than have ever vibrated on the mind in bygone times. *India*, where WELLINGTON first fleshed his maiden sword, and earned a renown which culminated on the very steps of the throne—where there is found Delhi with mosques and palaces—Benares with its pagodas—Juggernaut with its victims—where Timour displayed his conquests and Aurungzebe his magnificence—where Hyder rose, the Napoleon of the East, and Tippoo fell, its Nero. *India*, where HEBER, after being charmed with its landscapes of peerless beauty, including river and palmy plain, and coral strand, united in living verse two sentiments so characteristic of its history, when he sung

Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

India, where the Church Universal has a commonwealth in the mural tablet which enshrines the names of a Schwartz, a Martin, a Ward, a Cary, a Marshman and others, the pioneers of the advanced army of the Church in its affair of outposts with its hydra-headed foe.

Whatever of ancient lore—written and unwritten tradition—of mythological antiquities—of prodigies of ancient architectural skill, combining fairy-like tracery with permanent

durability in its world-wide renown—of contrasts of scenery more striking than any other in the old world or new—with loftier mountains with icy peaks and arctic climes, hanging over deeper vallies of torrid heat and perpetual verdure—of cataracts to which, in their height, in comparison, Niagara becomes almost insignificant—of hidden Golcondas of barbaric gold, and virgin gems, to which California is but like a golden field of toil compared with the cabinet of a continent's riches—of gorgeous temple and jewelled shrine surpassing the most fabulous creations of poetry and architectural skill combined—of cities crowded with untold millions—of forests whose depths of solitude and richness of foliage and flowers are unequalled in either hemisphere—of fields unfolding to the rudest culture the richest response of yield—where, alternately, desert and glen and fertile plain, and jungle and forest, present every variety of animated existence that natural history can boast—where all these combine in a profusion never yet sung in all its variations by poet's lyre, or predicated by prophetic impulse, or told in plain historic tracings; this is a country, apart from other associations, which claims our attention; but when to all this is added the present interest surrounding it as a battle-field, where rebellion in its worst features is meeting in the shock of martial struggle with legitimate authority, and where the narrative of the atrocities of the former is associated with the tenderest feelings in the desolated hearths and lacerated hearts of our fellow countrymen, as Englishmen, and as Christians, we need no stronger claim to make us leal to our country's welfare, and one-hearted in our sympathies with her sons, in this our latest effort for legitimate supremacy and power. Nor can it be supposed for a moment that any Lecture Room, presided over by the genius of genuine philanthropy and deep Christian feeling, like that which marks the associated gatherings of its members in their usual winter session, as affiliated branches of those Young

Men's Christian Associations, which are now the ornament and hope of the Christianity of the nineteenth century, will be deficient in presenting the claims or prosecuting the best interests of that part of the world, which we recognise, and hope for ages to come to recognise as British India.

Our subject this evening then, according to the announcement, is INDIA,—(a necessarily brief review of it) its past history, its present position, and its future prospects.

Our stand-point of observation is just one hundred years ago in the past. The turn of the tide in the affairs of India at that time occurred ostensibly through the medium of an event which lingers yet among the recollections of our childhood as one of the darkest and most diabolical atrocities which had to that time disturbed the surface of social or military life in India,—one hundred and forty-six Englishmen were thrust by a revengeful nabob of that time in the Black Hole of Calcutta, a dungeon eighteen square. The vitiated atmosphere and intolerable thirst urged the most pitiful cries for relief, but in vain. Their struggles were useless, their appeals ineffectual; "The Nabob is asleep," was all the reply that could be obtained; and in the morning which succeeded, when the doors were opened, twenty-three were all that remained alive.

This event, coupled with the violation of a previous treaty, aroused the indignation of the citizens of Calcutta, and led to a succession of most important events. To use the language of a late writer: "Indignation being thus aroused, a clerk in the Commissariat at Calcutta lays aside his quill, seizes his sword, and promptly avenges the death of his countrymen." The history of CLIVE—the hero of this successful struggle, afterwards Lord Clive—is patent to every student of the history of British India. His efforts were crowned with bril-

liant success, and these laid broad and deep the foundations of our Anglo-Indian Empire. Alas! for the historian of the past, the ægis of British protection received a stain from the hands of its first patriot: the same individual who had reared for himself a pyramid of fame and honor, overthrew that pyramid by a suicidal act—intoxicated by the successes of his short career, by his own hand he fell, and rushed unbidden into the awful presence of his Maker.

A series of reverses followed the death of Clive. A few years later, after the dictation of terms of peace by HYDER ALI at the gates of Madras, which had been wrested from us by the French, the entire destruction of a detachment of the British army under Colonel BAILLIE was effected by TIPPoo SAIB, Hyder Ali's son. In 1806, the Sepoys in the fort of Vellore, who were favorable to Tippoo, rose in the night and poured a murderous fire through the windows into the quarters of our European troops, of whom two Colonels, thirteen other officers, and eighty-two men fell, besides 91 wounded. In 1824, a regiment at Barrackpore being ordered off to Chittagong, turned the Major-General off parade, and rushed to arms. Two European regiments were on the spot; some guns opened upon them at once, and seventy fell. In 1834, a plot was discovered at Bangalore for the murder of the whole of the European officers and their families: the leading conspirators were blown from the cannon's mouth. In 1842 the most serious disturbance took place. In Afghanistan recently captured and annexed to the British Power, a sudden insurrection took place: the British Envoy was barbarously murdered, thirteen thousand troops were destroyed, and the small remnants of the British force driven beyond the mountains.

We have presented these general features in the history of the past, not as a summary of the striking events of the times; nor have we exhibited, on the other hand, the series

of conquests almost unequalled which marked the progress of European power and influence ; but as a very few facts to be regarded, as prominent features only, connected with our occupation of that country. We feel, at the same time, that an apology is here due to this audience for having stated in the announcement of this lecture that the *past* history of India would be a portion of our plan. Such was, in fact, the intention ; but the impossibility of its performance was coincident with the very first attempt to follow the outline proposed. The past history of India has never yet been written, nor can it possibly be comprised within the limits of a single lecture : we must either pause here, or be involved in a mass of facts which would at once embarrass the lecturer and prostrate the patience of our audience. We are content to hesitate, from the consideration—the knowledge of which has been communicated since the intention to deliver this lecture was formed—that other minds, more competent than ours, are to claim your attention in the course of these Lectures in the present session ; and to them is cheerfully conceded the ground over which we should have been delighted with you, however cursorily, to travel.

It would be difficult, also, within the limits allotted to this lecture, to give any well-defined view of our East Indian possessions ; yet that some such attempt ought to be made all will admit. But how shall it be done ? The shape and proportions of that play-thing, a boy's kite, perhaps presents us with the most familiar illustration of the geographical form of Hindostan : The lower point of the kite is Cape Comorin, off which is the island of Ceylon, which lies within six degrees of the equator ; on the West side of the lower angle is the Bombay Presidency, and on the right side that of Madras. The latter districts have hitherto been free from the prevalence of the wide-spread mutiny which has prevailed in the Northern part of this empire. If we draw a line across the

widest part of the body of the kite, we have on the Eastern side the mouths of the Ganges ; on the other, or Western side, the mouths of the Indus—not less than fifteen hundred miles apart. Then take the arc of the upper part, and this includes all that is of interest to us in the Bengal Presidency, towards which our attention most particularly turns, and where, at this juncture, our solicitude chiefly centres. On the Eastern side of the arc, on the North of the empire, a range of mountain peaks rise one above the other, in lofty summits looking down in pride upon all the other mountains of the earth ; presenting this most singular feature, their tops are covered with perpetual ice and snow twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the valleys at their very base are weltering under the heats of an almost vertical sun. Enthroned as they are in isolated grandeur, crowned with a diadem of virgin snow, they have hitherto been inaccessible in their remotest magnificence from the foot of science, and from the pioneers of civilization. The Sanscrit word, *Hima*—snow—has baptized their nomenclature, and from these unknown and comparatively unexplored Himalayas rise those two grand rivers of which we have spoken—the one running to the Western extremity, from which the whole country takes its name, the other debouching into the Bay of Bengal. The former receives the tributary streams of the Punjaub, after which it divides and falls into the sea by seven mouths. The latter, known in its rise as the Burrampooter, falls into the Ganges, in which it is lost ; at Allahabad it is joined with the Jumna ; two hundred miles from the sea it forms a Delta ; and at length loses itself in the waters of the Indian Ocean. Then upon the Ganges thus described, place Calcutta at its mouth, one hundred miles from the sea, and Delhi one thousand miles up its winding stream distant from Calcutta, and you have the limit of that field of action just now so interesting to Europeans—Meerut, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra,

Lucknow : these all lie at no great distance from its stream, or are immediately upon its banks.

We have thus endeavored to give a familiar illustration of the geographical position of our Indian Empire ; but its vast area and its teeming population are almost beyond the power of figures to express, or imagination to conceive.

Neither can we hope to give an adequate idea of its wealth or resources. When the Western continent of America was untrod by the foot of the white man, peopled only by the red sons of the forest, the district of which we speak revelled in the pride of power and the wealth of barbaric gold. When Europe was struggling in the throes of that revolution of which MARTIN LUTHER was, under God, the instrument, and when its nations many of them were in the very infancy of arts, science and civilization,—dynasty after dynasty in India had successively left magnificent mementos of their wealth and architectural skill, the remains of which are the wonder of the student, as they are the pride of the nation to this very hour. Nearly three centuries ago, for instance—and this is but one out of many—an Emperor, SHAH JEHAN, at Agra built a mausoleum for a favorite wife. It is composed of white marble, reared on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble. Its inner and central hall is entirely inlaid with precious gems, and here repose the ashes of the dead. The structure is computed to have cost £750,000.

To add to this picture of magnificence and wealth, go back to the times of JAMES I. of England, and take the following description of the State display on occasion of the Emperor's birth-day, as given by the ambassador sent by our monarch, who was an eye-witness of the scene.

He says " the ceremony commenced by placing his Majesty in one scale, and in another an equal weight of jewels, gold, silver, and stuffs of gold, silver and silk. Then appeared a

procession of elephants, led by one beast of wonderful bulk and beauty—his head and breast covered with plates of gold and silver studded with rubies and emeralds. On this lord-elephant waited eight or ten others, clothed in gold, silk and silver. Twelve similar lord-elephants, each with its retinue, followed—each shewing its training as it passed by, making a lowly obeisance to its lord and master. After this the whole court went out in procession. For the ladies came fifty elephants richly adorned, each bearing a turret canopied with silver cloth, with gratings of gold wire to look through. Then came the Emperor, wearing a turban with a plume of heron feathers, a ruby as big as a walnut, a diamond as large, and an emerald much larger. Upon his neck were three chains of most excellent pearls—above his elbows armlets set with diamonds—three bracelets on each wrist—rings on almost every finger—a coat of cloth of gold—slippers set with pearls—belts of gold, and a sword and buckler, set all over with diamonds. He rode in a coach drawn by four horses trapped in gold and velvets. Before him went drums, trumpets and loud music—canopies, umbrellas and ensigns glittering with rubies—and nine led horses caparisoned with precious stones. Behind him followed superb palanquins, and then the Empress NOURMAHAL—the prodigy of romance, beauty and power—riding in a coach, the present of the English king. Afterwards came twenty royal elephants, so rich in gems and furniture that they glittered like the sun. This was the royal procession, which was preceded and followed by elephants richly decked, amounting to six hundred; and all the way the road was guarded by elephants, each with a turret, four banners, and a swivel gun. Half a mile behind the Emperor came his wives on elephants. The procession marched to a superb camp where were glittering tents, a mother of pearl throne, and such a display of grandeur that the whole vale shewed like a beautiful city."

The mind seems wearied in the contemplation of such magnificence, and this one description must suffice to show what was the wealth and splendour of the Eastern empire before it became a jewel in the British Crown,—nor must we imagine the lapse of time to have deteriorated much its revenues or its resources. The revenues of its Princes at a comparatively recent date were estimated at thirteen millions sterling, of which they pay in subsidy *One*; and for which the British Government maintains large forces for their defence, and at its own cost.

Having thus given a mere outline of the past, before we proceed farther it will be necessary to give some general idea of the subject of *Casie*. It is traceable to the remotest antiquity,—it is the subtle yet direct antagonist of Christianity, and some of the greatest mistakes which have occurred in the government of that country have had their origin from this source. There are four degrees of caste in India. Without giving you the native titles, which convey (except in the case of the Brahmin, the highest class) very little meaning to an Englishman, I would state them as follows:—1. The Priesthood. 2. The Military class. 3. The Merchants. 4. The Labourers. It is very difficult to convey a just idea of the importance of Caste in their estimation. To them no calamity is at all to be compared with that of the loss of caste. The following is the language of Abbe Dubois: “He who has lost caste is a man dead, as it were, to the world. He is no longer in the society of men; he is bereft at once of friends and relations, often of wife and children, who will rather forsake him than share his miserable lot. A Brahmin or a soldier in the Bengal army could not permit the highest officer in Her Majesty’s Army to offer him a cup of tea; but if he loses caste no one dares to eat with him, or even to pour him out a drop of water. Wherever he appears he is scorned as an outcast; and when he sinks under the curse there is no

one but an outcast dare bury him. There can be no change of calling from generation to generation—no rising into a better position in social life. The lower class cannot even take domestic service in the house of his higher class neighbour. No caste can marry except in its own class; yet let the pearl of caste be lost, a Shudra or common labourer, little scrupulous as he is about honor and delicacy, would scorn to give his daughter in marriage even, to a Brahmin or Priest thus degraded. In losing caste, if he could only descend to an inferior class it would be less intolerable; but no, whatever his position, if caste be lost, he sinks at once to a Pariah or outcast." For the terrible extent, the withering blight of an evil, beyond which no evil to a Hindoo can descend, take the following view:—"The outcast may not live in the common street; and, in some parts of the extreme South, he may not even walk in the street where the Brahmins reside. He is forbidden the house of all the castes, although in some districts he may enter that part where the cattle are lodged. But to touch him—to drink water he had drawn—to eat food he had cooked—to use a vessel he had touched—to sit beside him—to ride in the same vehicle, or even to give him a drink of water would be unlawful for a man of caste. Indeed, to sum up the picture, it is stated that on the Malabar coast such are not allowed to erect houses, only an open shed supported on four bamboos, that they may not approach a caste person nearer than a hundred yards, but must give notice of their approach by a loud cry; while, to prevent the danger of contact, they are forbidden to come upon the highway." Compare the worst features of American slavery with that of the Indian Pariah or outcast—the one is infinitely preferable to the other.

But how may a person defile himself, and become thus degraded and fallen? The most interesting point to us, in our present position, I shall notice first, because it will be the

subject of future remark,—indeed it is the point upon which the present subject turns. Loss of caste is most ordinarily and speedily brought about by *eating* or *tasting* any thing that has been prepared by unclean hands,—that is, by the hands of persons not of their own class. Then, it is lost by eating forbidden things; and by omitting certain rites; and by embracing any new religion. There is a point of importance to be mentioned here. The three higher classes are forbidden to eat or taste anything, except fish, that has had life;—and why? They most rigidly believe in the doctrine of transmigration of souls. The souls of their ancestors, it is presumed, may enter the bodies of any creature on the earth having life; to partake of food prepared from such, under these circumstances of belief, is strictly forbidden. Many of the animals, on this account, are worshipped by them as divinities; and amongst those held in the highest estimation is the cow or ox. This animal, as it walks along the street, is venerated and admired; hospitals are built for these when they are diseased, while the horse is treated with cruelty and contempt. These circumstances must be borne in mind, as bearing upon recent occurrences.

A few words must suffice on the Religion of the natives. This is generally Hindoo and Mahomedan. The Sikhs are a distinct race: they accept and reject peculiarities belonging to both the other sects, but themselves are tolerant of neither. The book of all books to the Mussulman is the Koran. The sacred writings of the Hindoos are the Vedas and Shastres. The former is to them what the Bible is to us, and the Koran to the Mussulman,—the Shastres are a commentary on the Vedas. No two forces could be more antagonistic than the two races we have named, which comprise nearly all the two hundred millions of India. At the same time, it is true that the Mahomedans have a caste of their own—a rival caste; and

affect as much punctiliousness as the Hindoo, (although such is said not to be taught in the Koran) so that his food must be prepared, nay, *whatever he puts in his mouth*, must be prepared by persons of his own class. We come here to a point in which we might enter at once upon the present position of our Indian possessions, and shew what has been properly termed the enormity of the blunder which, by some almost incredible inattention to the habits of the people, offered an affront equally to the Hindoo and the Mussulman—gave them, in the only one point where their prejudices approximated, a plea for opposing their united strength to rightful authority, and led to the disastrous results which followed; the plea itself being strengthened by another singular coincidence in the religious instruction of each party by their own priests, that the Koran of the Mahomedan and the Vedas of the Hindoo alike indicate that this year, the hundredth of English rule, was to be the last. The Mussulman burned with ambition to regain that terrestrial paradise, Delhi, as his own; the Brahmin yearned to put his foot upon the neck of the teachers of a new religion. There was one point where issue might join—there it was joined, and the results are known to all.

I again state then, that if it may be thought, in promising to speak of the past history of India, I have failed because I have not traced the progress of its power and wealth from the time when, on Dec., 31, 1599, Queen Elizabeth first fixed her sign manual to a deed incorporating the Governors and Company of the Merchants of London trading to the East Indies, in which, by the bye, a singular clause was inserted, that no gentleman was allowed to enter, up to the time when the late annexation of the kingdom of Oude marked the culminating point of its progress, up to its present proud position, prior to the present outbreak;—let it be simply understood that it was not my intention, any more than it is in touching upon the

progress of Christianity, to do more than to name the efforts of a Ward and Carey, as the pioneers at Serampore ; and then, recognising the efforts of these with those of the Church Missionary Society and others, as collaborateurs in the great work of spreading the Gospel throughout that land, present some broad features of the present position of Christianity there. For many years these noble men plodded on in unwearied zeal, but apparently unrewarded toil. Like labourers engaged in excavating the foundation of some mighty edifice, mountains of obstacles were overcome, and deeds of mighty prowess achieved, without the eye of the superficial observer being rewarded with anything like a visible remuneration for the mighty expenditure of labour and life ; yet the work was still progressing. No risk of the safety of the superstructure was to be run, through any fundamental neglect ; little, beyond the vast area, could be detected from the slowly rising wall, but an edifice will be raised there by the united energy and zeal of God's own workmen, which shall be a shelter for every outcast. Its stones will be polished after the similitude of a palace, its fair proportions shall overtop the temples of idolatry ; its shrine shall be that of a pure and peerless faith ; its topstone shall be brought on amidst the acclaims of earth and heaven, shouting, Grace, Grace be unto and upon it ; its banners shall unfold to the breeze the spotless Lamb ; its inscription shall be the magic name Immanuel, God with us, from its threshold shall flow a healing stream, on the banks of which Ministers of every name shall stand and cry, " Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and whoever will may come and take of the water of Life freely.

During the last twenty years the Missionaries have rapidly increased in number, and multiplied to a greater extent than many have been aware of. I take the following statement from the Calcutta Review of more than four years ago, when

from "revised statistics" of missions, it appears that there were of

Missionaries,	- - - - -	443
Native Catechists,	- - - - -	698
Native Christians, counting all who have re- nounced heathenism and placed themselves under the care of the Missionaries,		112,191
Communicants, or Church Members,		18,410
Scholars,	- - - - -	78,878

The Bible has been translated into 10 languages, the New Testament into four others, and 25 Printing Establishments are maintained. Towards the cost of these Missionary labors above £33,000 are annually raised in India alone. I take the following beautiful passage from a writer well qualified for his task. He says, "One hundred thousand souls detached from Heathenism is but as a single stone from a vast citadel, but it is the first stone after a breaching fire, and tells that those around are loosened, and that in time a way will be driven into the heart of the fastness. The Hindoos cannot for ever worship stocks and stones, and apes, and kites. The son, on the banks of the fair Ganges, will not for ever bear his father, old and weak, to drown him in its tide,—the streets of Madras will not for ever witness men swinging by hooks in their flesh, and multitudes making holiday to see the sacrifice. He that imagines that such things are not to pass away has a pitiful notion of human destinies. That they will perish is as certain as that they are wrong. The Brahmins feel that they are in danger. The law permitting persons to retain property irrespective of religion, was viewed by them with great alarm. In order to stay the defections they passed a resolution in Calcutta that apostates might regain their caste position by presenting certain costly offerings—thus, in fact, reducing the penalty of breaking caste to a mere fine. The Missionaries are but in the beginning of their work, but at this moment no man in their ranks, capable of large and general views, doubts

for an instant that, slowly and silently, but with gathering impetus, the mind of India is rising above the superstitions of the Brahmins, and will, before many decades of years, emerge into Christian Light."

I shall close this part of the subject by noticing two other paragraphs from another writer. He is writing under the shadow of recent calamities, but he is looking back at what has been done, and is rejoicing that Bel boweth down, and that Nebo stoopeth under the onward march of Gospel truth. He says :

"Since the first dark clouds of difficulty passed from the Indian skies and the warm and cheerful rays of hope illuminated the onward path of the Christian missionary, up to within a few months past, all has been comparative success, peace and prosperity in that land. Beautiful were the feet of those upon the mountains who brought glad tidings. Ancient superstitions and venerable systems of error were slowly but sensibly expiring. Idols, neglected by their devotees, now crumbling to dust ; and the temples of Brahma, Vishnu, and Sheva were being gradually assimilated with the mouldering debris of other days. The long, long night of error was drawing to a close, and the dawn and promise of gospel day was gilding the mountain peaks, the day star was rising with healing in his wings. Where the ruthless arm of war once spread devastation and horror, behold were peace, joy, and love. Sweet villages embowered in all the profusion of oriental luxuriance were scattered far and wide, from which arose the murmur of industry and the music of pleasant voices. Schools and seminaries gathered their thousands of bright-eyed children. The church spire pointed silently up to the blue vault, the pastor moved about among his flock, directing the enquirer to heaven and leading the way. Great cities and towns were rapidly filling with industrious and prosperous citizens, the marts of commerce, the seats of magnificence, the abodes of art and civilization. Serene contentment covered all ; the sword was beaten into the plowshare and the spear into the pruning-hook. The wilderness and the solitary place were glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

The promise of a rich harvest was there. The dusky oriental and the fair European grasped the ardent hand of trust and friendship. Every spicy gale from the palmy plain wafted to *our* ears the sweet tidings of peace and prosperity; every wave that rolled toward the coral strand brought to *them* the message of love, and hope, and congratulation.

"Such were the encouraging aspects that India presented; such were the pleasant scenes and cheering realities that sustained the fainting friends of humanity on the very banks of the Indus and of the Ganges, along the torrid shores of the Coromandel, and among the gloomy defiles of the Himalayas. In confirmation of this allow me to quote a passage from a recent address of the bishop of Calcutta to the people of England: 'What can exceed,' says the venerable bishop, 'the inviting prospect which India presents? The fields white for harvest, and awaiting the hand of the reaper! Nations bursting the intellectual sleep of thirty centuries! Superstitions no longer in the giant strength of youth, but doting to their fall! Britain placed at the head of the most extensive empire ever consigned to a western sceptre: that is, the only great power of Europe, professing the Protestant faith, intrusted with the thronging nations of Asia, whom she alone could teach! A paternal government employing every year of tranquillity in elevating and blessing the people, unexpectedly thrown upon its protection. No devastating plague, as in Egypt, no intestine wars; no despotic heathen or Mohammedan dominion prowling for its prey. But legislation going forth with her laws, science lighting her lamp, education scattering the seeds of knowledge, commerce widening her means of intercourse, the British power ever ready to throw her aegis of protection around the pious and discreet missionary.'"

Such were the sentiments of holy men actually engaged in the work; which sacred work has been so fearfully interrupted and disturbed. We feel disposed to linger here, the scene is so calm and peaceful, the atmosphere so still. Alas it is the very stillness preceding the storm; the cloud like a man's hand has risen out of the sea, the heavens gather blackness, the time of trial is at hand.

I purpose to give you a concise account of the rise and progress of the present rebellion, in as brief a compass as possible; and to do this it is necessary to retrace our steps, and look at some of the causes for dissatisfaction which had slumbered for some time, alas, to wake with a giant strength. There can be no doubt but that at the foundation of what may be termed the incidental causes of the Revolt in India, was a deep and widely spread idea that there was a determination to force upon the natives the Christianity of their rulers; and that instead of this idea being combated and overthrown by those who had the power, a series of unfortunate coincidences combined to awaken their suspicions and excite their fears. Mysterious meanings were attached to the scientific operations in hand for the benefit of the country. Among these the Electric Telegraph and Railway communication were placed in the same class; and one of the first overt acts of mutiny was the burning, by the hand of the incendiary, of the Telegraph Office at Barrackpore, sixteen miles from Calcutta. Again, the policy of Annexation pursued by the late government increased the dissatisfaction already existing. The fall of Oude before British supremacy served to convince them that if Mahomedanism was to exist, and to be tolerated in the face of liberal progress, it must be by an immediate and determined stroke in its own defence. Again, an alteration made by Lord Hardinge in the law of inheritance fostered the slumbering suspicion in the minds of the Hindoos. Formerly, as we have already stated, the profession of Christianity led to the loss of caste; and with this the subject was deprived of hereditary property: by the new law perfect toleration was provided, and the consequences of the loss of inheritance taken away. Another cause of dissatisfaction, and a widely spread one, was the protection accorded to the Missionary, and the unquestionable influence Christianity was secretly but surely obtaining over the mind of the natives themselves.

Thus the mind was prepared, and yet those in authority slumbered on in ignorance of the fact both in India and at home. Only last spring, after the outbreak had commenced, but was not known at home, the House of Commons was discussing the motion of Mr. Kinnaid, founded on a memorial from the Missionary body in Bengal, in which serious grievances suffered by the people were set forth, and much consequent dissatisfaction and disaffection affirmed to exist. What was the result? The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, Mr. Halliday, declared on his own knowledge that *such was not the case*.

Nor had the nation been without previous warning in former times. Fifty years ago a revolt of the Sepoys took place under the influence of similar incidental and local excitement. They were forbidden to appear on parade with ear-rings, or the coloured marks on the forehead indicative of sectarian distinctions: they were commanded to shave their beards, and trim their moustaches according to a standard model. Other innovations in their dress and accoutrements were made, such as a particular undress jacket, black leather stock, and a turn-screw, which some susceptible minds had identified with a cross. These had occasioned wide-spread dissatisfaction; and the last drop of the cup was poured forth when a new pattern for a turban was devised, which, in the apprehension of the Sepoys, resembled a hat. This confirmed their fears, and insubordination was the result. It was then as it is now: men were found who charged the whole blame upon the Missionaries,—but was it the case? No! emphatically no! Was there one Missionary in Vellore when this took place?—Not one. • Was there one near?—No. Was there one, then, in the whole Presidency of Madras? There was not then a single English Missionary. In the present rebellion efforts have been made to hold up Col. Wheeler as a cause of the Mutiny, because he had been engaged in exhorting and instructing the Natives. Is this charge sustained? No! It

is admitted that he did not act the part of a good soldier in the hour of trial—and we may leave him to whatever military censure his demerits may call forth—but when the disaffection broke out in his regiment the Adjutant, whom no one charges with preaching, was shot down, and Col. Wheeler, who was so zealous, on this occasion escaped unhurt. Nor has there been any special design manifested in any disaffected region against the Missionaries. Even in the sacred city of Benares they escaped, while many an officer who was far enough from offence on the score of Christianity has been laid low. Indeed, there the authorities have sought the aid of the personal influence of the Missionary in getting stores. No solitary Mission station, as such, has been attacked; and only at three Mission Stations have we yet heard of Missionaries being killed; and that, we may venture to say, was not from special enmity to them, but because nothing European was to be spared.

The dissatisfaction was a chronic disease—an inflammatory action was the real cause of the outbreak. Let what we have already stated be borne in mind. Every one knows that to Hindoos and Mahomedans alike the idea of tasting the flesh of the swine in any form is horribly disgusting; and that no native regiment would resent an order to diet on snails or carrion so much as would these an attempt to make them eat the flesh of a pig. Again, of all living things the most sacred to the Hindoo is the cow—she is one of the divinities most generally worshipped. Among all the crimes on their calendar, scarcely one ranks so high as ‘cow murder;’ yet the Military Secretary for India, Col. Birch, issued cartridges composed of greased paper; and the popular opinion maintained that these were greased with the flesh of the pig and the cow, and to be used they must be bitten by the teeth of the Hindoo and the Mussulman. Again, when we remember that, from their notions of caste, the Brahmins will shriek

with terror if a drop of pure water from a glass in the hands of an European should fall upon him only by accident, we may be thus prepared for the firing of the train, which took place in January last. These were the immediate circumstances which led to the fatal outbreak.

Early in January last a low caste Hindoo asks a high caste Sepoy to give him drink out of his vessel, and his surprise is hardly greater than that of the woman, in reply to our Lord at the well of Samaria, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, ask-est drink of me who am a woman of Samaria." The Brahmin Sepoy indignantly refused, and the Lascar in return tells him the miserable story of the cartridges. The Brahmin is horror-stricken, and the rumour spreads like wildfire among his exasperated comrades—the train is lighted and too soon the explosion comes. The British Government has determined to destroy caste, and make them Christians by force. Day by day the feeling gathers force, until at length it breaks out in all the hideous features of a mighty revolution.

I need not detail the history of the events which followed so quickly on each other: a chronological statement of a few few leading facts is all that the limits of this lecture will allow. On the 24th of January, as I have already stated, the Telegraph Office at Barrackpore was destroyed by an incendiary. In the middle of February the mutiny breaks out at Berhampoor, 120 miles from Calcutta, and the 19th Regiment is disarmed by Col. Mitchell. On the 4th of March the news of this reaches Calcutta: meanwhile the disaffection has spread as far as Meerut and Lucknow. The 34th Regiment is openly stirred to mutiny; and unfortunately the 19th, who were on their way to Barrackpore to be disbanded, fell in with the openly rebellious 34th. These propose to the 19th to murder their officers, and, joined by others, to go and sack Calcutta. The 19th refuse this; but the 34th are left, notwithstanding their guard had struck the English officers. By

this time the evil had broken out at Lucknow, ostensibly because a doctor had tasted his patient's medicine; while letters from the mutinous 34th have by this time reached the Punjaub. Notwithstanding all this, the leaders of the mutiny, when it has broken out, are simply dismissed; while the Sepoys have heard that the Kings of Oude and Delhi (who receive more pay from the British Government than many a European Sovereign) will give them more pay than the English. The former was taken and imprisoned at Calcutta—the fate of the latter and his sons has already been decided in the successful siege of Delhi. At Meerut eighty-five of the 3rd Cavalry refuse to take proper cartridges—they are imprisoned and guarded by native soldiers. At last comes Sunday, 10th of May, when, at 5 o'clock in the evening, the announcement was made, "The Bengal army has revolted." Poor Col. Finnis was shot in the discharge of his duty; the 11th, allowing their officers, to escape, joined the 20th, and Meerut was in a blaze. On the 3rd of May Sir Henry Lawrence disarms mutineers at Lucknow, takes into custody the chief rebels, and stamps out the sparks of mutiny with the courage of a British Lion. General Hewitt at Meerut has a regiment of English Rifles, one of English Horse, and a troop of English Artillery, yet the enemy all get away. The disastrous news is forwarded to Delhi, and the English are requested to repair to the Flag tower for safety; but the mutinous Sepoys are in sight of Delhi. Brigadier Graves' troops are expected to relieve those who are waiting him at Delhi: when he arrives his troops are all natives. He addresses them, it is true, the response is a hollow, hypocritical cheer, and all join the mutinous garrison at Delhi. The mutiny at Meerut appears to have broken out prematurely; and but for this it is likely that within a fortnight most of the Europeans in Northern India would have been simultaneously murdered.

But who shall tell all the horrors that rush upon us in

rapid succession,—Lieutenant Willoughby firing the small arms' magazine at Delhi, and blowing up between 2000 and 3000 men,—Sir H. Lawrence at Oude, falling at the head of his brave 500 men,—Cawnpore, with Sir H. Wheeler sacrificed, attacked by that fiend Nena Sahib. We draw a veil over a scene that follows, which you have all heard of, but which I cannot describe. Long had the nation mourned over these painful subjects, and dense and dark were the shades which hung over us before the first ray of light dawned, as mail after mail brought us no tidings of success. At length the heart of the nation bounded with exultation at the exploits of a comparatively small force before the city of Delhi. The bold generalship of Sir Archdale WILSON—the terrible cannonade—the storm—the Cashmere Gate, with the heroism of a SALKELD—the suburbs—the fighting step by step, till the city was in possession once more of British arms—the capture of its ruffian King, and the slaughter of his sons by Captain HODSON,—these are now matters of permanent history; and were it not for many a desolated hearth, many a ruined hope, many a widowed heart, might be the subject of universal joy.

We live too near in time to the scenes which have so lately transpired for them to become the subjects of history in all its calm authenticated details: we can but make them, as they pass, the subjects of a hasty review. In this light, then, comes before us a name formerly unknown to fame, yet one now never to be forgotten—Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, of whom it may be said, "He was a good man, and one that feared the Lord above many." His fight after fight with almost unnumbered foes, yet successful in every conflict—his cutting his way to Lucknow, and his investment there. Our townsman, the gallant Colonel INGLIS, after unparalleled efforts to secure the persons and property under his charge, meets an equally brave companion in arms. An Outram joins them

there—a trio of heroes whose names will never die while the revolt in India lives in the page of history. The eye of the world is centred on that spot—on the tiptoe of expectation the world waits the tardy arrival of the reinforcements sent from the mother country and its colonies—the ear aches for the delayed announcement of the relief of this heroic band. What can our feelings be, compared to theirs! yet not the skirl of the Highland pipers playing the well known strains of “The Campbells are coming” fell more joyfully on the ears of the besieged force in Lucknow, than has the mighty heart of the Christian world rejoiced on receiving the subsequent and recent intelligence that Lucknow had succumbed to the irresistible valour of British arms—that our beloved countrymen and their families are relieved; and that the brave Sir Colin, the intrepid Inglis, the gallant Outram, and the victorious Havelock* still live to push the battle to the gale, and unite their energies, however painful the means, in restoring peace to the mighty Empire of the East.

After this hasty, and to me most unsatisfactory outline of our present position, we retrace our steps to enquire what has been the effect this severe chastisement has had upon us as a nation; and what reflections arise from the consideration of this subject. In the first place, the answer has been seen, not only in the mournings of those immediately bereaved—not merely in the throbbing pulsations which have been felt through the entire heart of this mighty nations, but in the response of the nation to the call of its sovereign to prostrate itself before the footstool of Almighty God in fasting, humiliation and prayer, imploring Heaven to pardon our national sins, and to restore peace to India. The reflections which arise from the consideration of this subject are now to be presented

* The tidings of the lamented death of the gallant General had not been received at the time this lecture was delivered.

to your notice. There are two topics which present themselves before us.

I. GROUNDS OF HUMILIATION.

II. GROUNDS OF HOPE.

The first is necessarily a painful subject, yet not to be summarily dismissed. Nor is it merely what we have not done, it is what we, as a nation, have actually done.

1. The Government from the first has refused to recognise the element of Christianity in its management of the affairs of India. Seventy years ago, a Carey—a name that the Church will never permit to die—was forbidden to exercise his vocation as a Christian Minister in British India, and was obliged to turn aside to the Dutch Settlement of Serampore. A Judson was discovered in a British vessel, as having come to India as a Christian Missionary from America, and was forbidden to land at Calcutta—indeed ordered to return; and only by the intervention of Divine Providence, was permitted to proceed to Burmah, where he established a name that will live for ever in the memory of the Church. Years ago, a native Sepoy, an officer, was dismissed from the Bengal army for the crime of seeking Christian Baptism, while in every other respect he was declared to be an excellent and praiseworthy man. And where did this take place? At Meerut, the very place where the flame of mutiny broke out with a red and fiery glare that lighted the world with consternation.

Again, the practice is still continued, or was until very lately, of firing salutes from our ramparts in honour of idolatrous festivals. Enactments still remain unrepealed for offerings to idols, and grants to propitiate Hindoo deities for rain. Again, in a recent proclamation against immoral prints and pictures, issued by the authorities in India, an exemption is admitted in favor of such as are exhibited in connexion with idolatrous rites. The traffic in opium belongs to this part of our subject, but is a branch of it we must be compelled but

to name and leave. It is true that Sutteeism has been abolished, and the pilgrim tax discontinued, though not until year after year it was presented by Mr. Poynder to the Court of Directors; and only reluctantly and tardily yielded under the increasing pressure of public opinion. Yet even now the connexion is not at an end. In many cases the idol temples have lands; and these lands are taken by the government on the understanding that an annual payment of money would be made. In Madras, £80,000 a year, and in Bombay £70,000 are paid in these two ways to temples. The total in Bengal is not known, but Juggernaut, after all that has been said, is still receiving £2333 per annum. It is true that the Government have founded Colleges and Schools, in one of which the miscreant Nena Sahib received his education, but at first from these all Christian teaching was excluded, while the Koran was not only admitted but enjoined; presenting the spectacle of a nominally Christian government ousting Christianity from its schools, and formally putting Mohammedanism in its place. To this day it celebrates the observance of every religious festival, to the number of some thirty or forty, making them holidays in all public offices; and thus placing them on a par with our Good Friday, and Christmas day, and Sunday. This list might be enlarged to almost any extent, but I close it by some cutting remarks from the London Morning Post, the organ of Lord Palmerston, lately published:

“The present insurrection very naturally gives rise to questions as to how this worldly-wise policy is seemingly or consistent with the position and prerogatives of Christian rulers. Our dealings with these Eastern savages have doubtless been dictated by the most praiseworthy motives. By forbearance and consideration for their ancient traditions, and by selecting them to fulfil important positions of trust, it was intended to elevate the native character, to engender a reciprocity of feeling and an identity of interest. But in this we have failed. The result shows that the native character is lowered, and

respect for Europeans has greatly diminished. In our extreme delicacy not to infringe religious latitude we worse than obstructed the growth of good principle, for we actually aided the propagation of heathenism. Had we marched sword in hand to Christianize the empire, we could scarcely have committed a greater error. The undeniable fact that the grand object of this bloody rebellion was the re-establishment of the Mogul dynasty—the re-establishment of the stern, intolerant Islam, especially notorious for making converts by unsparing persecution—is a direct contradiction to any charge of British proselytism; but it is a contradiction that indicates clearly enough that the idea of enforcing conversion is not in itself abhorrent to the Indian mind, and deprives them, on their own principles, of a complaint against our Government for trying to direct their conversion, even had it tried to do so.

“All reasonable men must repudiate any attempts at compulsory conversion of heathen; but we must, for the future, be equally determined not to encourage or countenance customs repugnant to our ideas of right or wrong, and forming no part of the essentials of a good Hindu or Mohammedan. Knowing, as they do, our opinions, they cannot understand why we should place them, in reference to the moral law of England, on what they consider a freer footing than Englishmen. Hence their contempt of us. Let them feel the power of England's moral law by its establishment amongst them, and they will begin to have some respect for our religion. Let us plainly avow ourselves Christian rulers, tolerating all religions in so far as they do not violate the laws of the country, and putting down with a high hand all that is contrary to or exceeds this principle. By wholly withdrawing its support from all Hindu or Mohammedan shrines, as unbecoming the representatives of a Christian people, the Government would assume a consistent position which the Hindu would soon learn to respect; and, out of the soil which has been savagely drenched with the blood of unoffending English men and women will yet spring the stateliest monument of a glorious and consolidated British dominion.”

Let it not be supposed that this is an overcharged picture, Dr. Duff, in one of his letters, gives an extract from

sermon preached by the venerable bishop of Calcutta, now in his 80th year, on the 24th of July last, in which he uses the following language :

“ It has long appeared to thoughtful persons that one of the chief sins of India is the close connexion with the vices and idolatry of Brahminism, and the detestable licentiousness and bitter hatred to Christianity of the followers of the False Prophet. In this opinion I concur. . . . We have a hundred years of offences to answer for, those of Lord Clive and Mr. Warren Hastings, as well as our rulers since. I fear we have too much continued in the spirit, if not in the acts of our fathers. Even in our own times I remember well the struggle of twenty long years, under the great and eminent Wilberforce, that was necessary to secure the free admission of our Missionaries into India. I remember the cruel treatment of Dr. and Mrs. Judson, whom I knew at Moulmein—the forced retreat of Dr. Carey and his pious companions to the Danish settlement of Serampore—the prohibition of Dr. Buchanan to publish his sermons on the Prophecies—the disgraceful delay in disconnecting Government with the pilgrimages to Juggernaut—and the salutes of idols and other ceremonies at Madras, which compelled the brave and noble Sir Peregrine Maitland to resign. Even my friend and brother, Bishop Corrie, was rebuked by the Madras Government in 1836 for the mildest exercise of what he considered his appropriate duty in expressing his sympathy with Sir Peregrine on that occasion. . . . Another subject of deep anxiety to the Christian mind is the connexion of our Government with the opium traffic. We seem to have been gradually entangled in a system of measures by which we are administering this drug to the ignorant heathen of China in a manner directly contributing to destroy their bodies and souls by thousands and tens of thousands. No doubt Her Majesty’s Government at home has a large share in this guilt. . . . Another sin weighing on the neck of India is the favor shown to the anti-social and anti-Christian civil system of caste. It is as much a degradation of a large part of the human species as the old exploded theory of the natural inferiority of the negro race. I conceive it is contrary to the whole spirit of

British jurisprudence as well as to the laws of God to recognise such a theory."

Nor is this the whole view of the subject, the entire ground of humiliation under these national calamities. We have been verily guilty concerning our brethren: the Christian church has slumbered when it ought to have been active. There has been too little self-denial, too little real Missionary enterprise, too little of the uplifted eye of faith, expecting and waiting for the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the means employed, too little effort for the multiplying of those means. Two hundred millions of immortal souls, subjects of the same gracious Queen, with their three hundred and thirty millions of Idol Gods. Surely we ought to catch Heber's fire and Heber's zeal when we sing a song written on Indian ground:

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to souls benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

I leave this very painful part of the subject to take a more pleasing topic:

THE GROUNDS OF HOPE.—We have mourned under this heavy cloud; but the arched bow of Hope already spans the firmament. Truly, we are where the prophet has placed us: "It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark, but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night; and it shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light." We gather these hopes together thus:

1. *From the incongruity of the united elements.*—Like Nebuchadnezzar's image, its feet and toes are of iron and

clay. Two forces, most antagonistic in themselves hitherto, have united together ; but they never can amalgamate,—both will come to ruin. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands will destroy them both. Already we see the commencement of a reaction which shall hasten this consummation. We hear the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, and ere long we shall see them fall the one before the other. The following quotation from a moral drama published seventy years ago has been put into my hands by a friend, and the language may be regarded as almost prophetic of present times. These are the words :

“At length thy Sun, O Hindostan ! is set,
And like yon blushing orb, whose evening beam
Sheds its deep crimson o’er the western hills,
It set in blood ! but not like that to rise
With brighter glory and rekindled ray !
The very temples are no longer sacred—
The ancient venerable tombs that hold
The ashes of our fathers are defiled,
And undistinguished by one common sword
The priests of Brahma and Mohammed bleed.
Women of noblest rank are ruthless dragged
To instant massacre ! Thousands, to shun
The fierce barbarian tyrant’s cruel rage,
Plunge in devouring flames—a milder foe !
Or down the dark abyss of yawning pits
Or wells, unfathomably deep, descend
Headlong, to ’scape a more detested doom !”

Our next Ground of Hope is found in *the general interest manifested in this struggle*.—The world has never before witnessed such interest manifested in a martial struggle as in this. It has carried its vibrations far beyond the circle of its own immediate sympathies—extending beyond the circumference of its wide-spread Colonial possessions, it has indeed been that “one touch of nature” which “makes the whole

world kin." To confine our attention to our own nation, how simultaneous the response to the Sovereign's call to prayer! The millions of uplifted arms to Heaven will never relax their energies until India exchanges the Crescent for the Cross. Nor let me omit to record here—perhaps its first public announcement; a fact certainly not patent till the arrival of the mail three days ago—that the very day when Havelock relieved Inglis—the very day when the two heroes met at Lucknow, was the same day as that on which our noble Queen, acknowledging the chastisements of God, published to her people a call to General Humiliation.

The remainder of my lecture must be the mere outlines of thought, for time would fail in any attempt to expand.

The third Ground of Hope in the future is *the change which must take place in the future Government of India*.—The double Government of India has received its death-blow: its knell has been rung in St. Stephens, and has reverberated in Leadenhall-street. No temporising policy with the impurities and idolatries of Hindooism—no truckling to Mahomedan prejudices, to the repudiation of our glorious Christianity. Let the management be neither distinguished by favoritism or by proselytism. Whatever may be the form of its administration, whether gubernatorial or vice-regal—whatever class of state direction may surround the Council Board of Calcutta—let the Parliament of Britain be the Executive; and as we boast the Statute-book of our country to be based on the Sacred Word, so let the Christianity of our country be boldly proclaimed as the policy of our Government. While toleration is accorded to all opinions, let there be no mistake in the principles by which we are influenced. Let there be morality in its revenue—integrity in its dealings—energy in developing its resources—place the Bible in its schools—let caste succumb to Christianity, and a brighter day

will dawn on India than India has ever seen. Brighter still will its lustre and radiance shine, when England's Queen shall add a moral Koh-i-Noor to her diadem, in permitting herself to be hailed by its millions and recognised by the world as **THE EMPRESS OF HINDOSTAN.**

The fourth Ground of Hope lies in *the action which will immediately follow on the part of the Christian Church.*—Memorial Churches are already projected over the place of the martyred ones. Every Christian Society points to India and demands—aye, demands—a large reinforcement of Christian Missionaries. A mighty impetus has been given to the whole machinery of the Church. A new altar has been reared, on which offerings of Christian liberality will be sanctified. “The blood of the martyrs” will again prove “the seed of the Church,” and India will yield a plentiful harvest of fruit to Christ. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; the desert shall bud and blossom as the rose; the glory of Lebanon shall be added unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

There is still another Ground of Hope to notice, and it is the last for which I shall claim your attention. Standing as I do on the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association, recreant should I be to my trust as your lecturer and as a Minister of Christ, did I withhold the blessed hope of the future of India in *the glorious view given us in the writings of prophecy.*—The Crimean war has unfolded a glowing page in the history of the East. The declension of Mohammedan power, and the perfect toleration of Christianity has been accepted and recognised by the Church as the drying up of the River Euphrates. The subsequent eruption of the three unclean spirits like frogs from out of the mouth of the Dragon, and the mouth of the Beast, and the mouth of the False Prophet, may tax the patience of the Church, crying, How long,

Lord ! but their doom and destruction is foretold. The way of the Kings of the East is being prepared, and the Orient is bright with coming splendour. God's ancient people shall yet be restored to their own land, and with them the fulness of the Gentiles. Then shall the loud acclaim of ransomed millions celebrate the pæans of MESSIAH'S triumphs in one glorious Hallelujah ;—the waves shall lift up their voices, —the earth sound loud its song, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ! The kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever !"

My duty has been very imperfectly discharged ; but my task is done.— Let me add a word in conclusion. The Past with its humiliations has been mourned over ; we have rejoiced in the anticipations of the Future ; but there is a Present duty with us still : let us arm ourselves for effort, in faith in God's Word, and in earnest prayer for His blessing ; and let us sing as we have never yet sung, in Heber's glowing verse :

Waft, waft ye winds His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,
In bliss returns to reign.